

THE
L I F E
O F
M A R I A N N E :
O R,
The A D V E N T U R E S of
the Countefs of ***.

By M. *De* M A R I V A U X.

Translated from the Original *French*.

L O N D O N :

Printed for C H A R L E S D A V I S in
Pater-Noster-Row.

M D C C X X V I.

THE

LIFE

OF

MARIANNE

OR

The ADVENTURES OF

the Countess ***



By M. DE MARINIAUX

Translated from the Original French

L O N D O N :

Printed for CHARLES DAVIS in

St. Martin's Lane

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ADVERTISEMENT.

AS this History may probably be suspected of having been contrived purposely to amuse the Publick, it may not be improper to acquaint the Reader, that I had it from a Friend who actually found it in the Manner immediately mentioned. Nor had I any other Hand in the Work, than that of having revised and touched a few Places of it, that were too confused and incorrect. The Truth is, that, was this History a meer Fiction, very likely the Form of it would have been different. Marianne's Reflections would be neither so long nor so frequent. It would contain more Facts and less Morality; In short, the Author would have indulged the universal Inclination of the present Age, which, in Books of this Kind, does not relish abundance of Arguments and Reflections. When they read Adventures, it is only for the Sake of the Adventures themselves. But Marianne, when she wrote, did not in the least regard this. She pleased herself in setting down indifferently the whole Compass of her Reflections on every Incident of her
B Life.

Life. They are long or short, according as the Subject of them pleased her. Very likely the Friend she writes to was as fond of reflecting as herself. Besides, Marianne had forsaken the World, a Kind of Life which gives the Mind a grave and philosophical Turn. In short, this Work is intirely hers, the Alteration of a few Words excepted. We give the Publick the first Part of it at present, and if this be approved, the other being ready shall soon follow.



THE
L I F E
O F
M A R I A N N E, &c.

BEfore I offer the Publick this History, I shall acquaint my Readers, how I came by it.

Six Months ago I bought a Country House, some Leagues distant from *Rennes*, which has for these last thirty Years been in Possession of five or six different Persons. As I was making some Alteration in the first Apartment, in a Cup-board, that had been contrived in the Corner of a Wall, there was found a Manuscript, of several Quires of Paper, containing the following History, all writ in a Woman's Hand. It was brought to me, and I read it to a couple of Friends, who have continually solicited me to have it printed. I agreed to this, the rather because no Body is characterized in it. By the Date, found at the End of the Manuscript, it was writ forty Years ago. We changed the Names

of two Persons mentioned in it, now both dead. Though what is said of them be of no great Consequence, yet it was thought more adviseable to conceal their Names.

This short Account is all I had to say, and this perhaps is the only Thing of my own, that will ever come to Light, having no Talent for writing.

Let us now take the History in Hand. 'Tis a Woman writes her own Life, and her Person is unknown. She gives herself the Name of *Marianne*, at the Beginning of her Narration. She afterwards stiles herself a Countess, and addresses to one of her Friends, whose Name is not mentioned.

WHEN I recounted to you a few Particulars of my Life, I did not expect, my dear Friend, that you would require me to give you an Account of the whole, and to make it a Book fit for the Press. It must be owned, that my History is very uncommon: But writing it myself will be of no Advantage to the Work, since I am defective in Point of Style.

'Tis true the World once thought me witty; But, my Dear, I am of Opinion, that my Sort of Wit is only fit to be uttered, never printed.

We pretty Women, (for I was once of that Number) let us have ever so little Wit,

it will be thought superior to that of the rest of the World. For in that Case, Men are no more able to set a Value on our Words. Gazing, on us while they listen to our Discourse, they admire what they hear, for the sake of what they see.

I knew once an handsome Woman whose Conversation was reckoned charming and delightful. Her Expressions were incomparable; her Turns, Nicety and Delicacy itself. The best Judges were transported with Pleasure when she spoke. She was suddenly seized with the Small-Pox, and happened to be extremely pitted, but when she appeared again, what is wonderful! All her Wit was become a downright troublesome Chit-chat. Whence you may judge how much her Sense was before indebted to her pretty Face. And 'tis not unlikely, that on the same Account, I got the Reputation of a Wit. I remember well how my Eyes looked at that Time, and I think truly the Wit was theirs not mine.

How many Times did I catch myself saying Things, which of themselves would never have stood Trial! Had it not been for a little coquetish, wanton Air, that accompanied them, I should never have been praised so much as I was; and to tell you the Truth, I really believe, that, had all my Conceits been reduced to their intrinsic Value by the Small-Pox,

they would have suffered very great Abate-ments.

For instance, but a Month ago, you put me in Mind of my being one Day at a Feast, (tho' 'tis twelve Years since) when the Company were so prodigiously diverted with my Sprightliness; believe me, my Dear, I was indeed a perfect giddy Thing. Nay, I frequently played the Fool, for no other Purpose, but to see how far Men might be our Dupes. None of my Snares were too coarse to catch them, and you may be sure that the very same Extravagancies uttered by an homely Woman, would have made her pass for one that came out of *Bedlam*. And who knows but the Agreeableness of my Person was necessary to make the best Things I could say tolerable? For now that all my Charms are vanished, I perceive my Parts are looked upon as ordinary and common enough, though I am far better pleased with myself than I ever was. However, since you will have me write my own History, as a Token of my Friendship towards you, I will indulge your Desires; For I had rather venture tiring you, than refuse you any Thing.

I just now mentioned a Stile, but if you ask me what that is, really the Question will remain unanswered. Pray, what must an Author do to fall upon a Stile? Is that of Books the best? What then makes me dislike

dislike it so much in most of them? Do you think that of my Letters tolerable? Why then, I will write this just as I would do a Letter. But be sure to keep your Promise, and never let any Mortal know who I am, for I am resolved to be unknown to all the World but you.

When I was but fifteen Years younger than I am now, I never had been informed whether I was of a mean or a noble Extraction, a Bastard or Legitimate. I own this looks like the Beginning of a Romance. Nevertheless, what I tell you has nothing in it romantick, and is just as I had it from those that brought me up.

A Stage-coach going to *Bourdeaux*, was attacked on the Road by Robbers. Two Gentlemen that were in it offered Resistance, and had actually wounded one of these Villains, but they were killed by them at last, with three Persons more. Our Coachman and Postillion underwent the same Fate, and there was none left in the Coach but a Prebendary of *Sens* and I, not appearing to be above two or three Years of Age. The Prebendary fled, while I, who had tumbled into the Boot, was roaring most fearfully. For I was half smothered by a Woman who being wounded and attempting to escape fell backward into the Boot, expired on me, and almost crushed me to Death.

The Horses stood stock still, and I remained in that dismal Condition for a whole Quarter of an Hour, continually shrieking, without being able to get rid of my Load.

You must know, that there were among the Dead two Women, one of whom was handsome and about twenty Years of Age, and the other seemed to be forty. The former was dressed like a Gentlewoman, and the latter like a Chamber-maid.

If one of them was my Mother, very likely it was the younger and the better dressed, for those that saw her lying dead by me, fancied that I favoured her a little; besides my Clothes were too rich for the Daughter of a Chamber-maid.

I forgot to tell you that one of our Gentlemen's Footmen escaped cross the Fields wounded, and dropped down quite spent at the Entrance of a neighbouring Village, where he died without declaring to whom he belonged. All they could get out of him before he expired was, that his Master and Mistress had been just murdered; But this was no Information as to the Case in question.

Whilst I was lamenting under the Body of the younger Woman, who was dead, five or six Officers came by riding Post, who seeing a few People dead by the Coach which stood there still, and hearing the
the

the Cries of a Child within, were surpris'd at the dismal Sight, and moved either by that Curiosity, which horrid Scenes are apt to raise in us, or in order to see what Child was crying, and whether they could any way assist it, came up to the Coach, and having looked in, saw another Man killed, and the Woman dead in the Boot, where by my Cries they soon judg'd I was.

One of them, as they since have owned, was absolutely for withdrawing; But another moved with Compassion for me, prevented it, and alighting came first to the Coach, and opened the Boot wherein I was. The others followed him, but were shocked by a new Scene of Horror. For this dead Lady lay with one side of her Face upon mine, and had bathed me with her Blood. They removed her and took me all over Blood, from under that unfortunate Woman.

The next Question was, what they should do with me, and whither I should be carried. They saw a small Town at a Distance, and resolving to carry me thither, they gave me to a Servant of theirs, who wrapt me in a Cloak.

Their Intention was to deliver me to the Vicar of the Place, to see out for some Body charitable enough to take Care of me. But the Vicar, to whom the whole Village was ready to conduct them, was

gone to visit another Clergyman. There was no Body in his House but his Sister, a very pious Woman, whose Compassion for me was so great, that she took me in, till she could prevail with her Brother to keep me. There was moreover an Account taken of all these Particulars, and drawn up by a Notary that lived in the Place.

Every one of my Conductors generously gave me some Money, which was put into a Purse, and delivered into the Hands of the Vicar's Sister, and then they all departed.

Every one of these Particulars I had from the Vicar's Sister.

I don't doubt but they fill you with Horror. No one, I think, can begin Life more unfortunately, or under stranger Disasters. By good Luck, I was not myself when I underwent them: For a Child that's but two Years old can hardly be said to be itself.

What became of the Coach or of the poor murdered Travellers I will not mention being nothing to my Purpose. Some of the Murderers were apprehended three or four Days after, but what added to my Misfortune was, that nothing was found about those they had killed that might reveal the Secret of my Birth. In vain the Register of the Names of those that travel in Stage-Coaches

Coaches was searched. They found indeed who they all were, except one Gentleman and a Lady, whose Name sounding like that of Foreigners could be no Information, and who knows but that they had concealed their real Name. All one could learn from the Register was, that they had taken five Places in the Coach, two for themselves, one for a little Girl, and two more for a Footman and a Chamber-maid, who were likewise assassinated.

By all this, the Secret of my Birth could no way be found out, and the Charity of Mankind became the only Relation I had.

The Greatness of my Misfortune procured me considerable Helps in the House of the Vicar, who agreed with his Sister to keep me.

People came to see me from all the neighbouring Places. Every Body wanted to be acquainted with my Physiognomy, which had excited an universal Curiosity. They imagined, that there was something in my Face relating to my Adventure. All took a Kind of a romantick Fancy to me. Besides I was very pretty, and my Air quite engaging. You can't imagine, how much all these Things were to my Advantage, and what a Turn of Elegance and Delicacy it gave to the tender Concern every one had for me. An unfortunate little Princess never could have been caressed

more nobly. Nay, the Compassion I raised in every Mind seemed rather Reverence than Pity.

But nothing was comparable to the Concern the Ladies expressed for me; for they were always making me Presents of the finest and genteelest Dresses, in which they strove to outvye one another.

Since which Time the Vicar, who was of a very good Family, and a Man of Wit, though a Country Clergy-man, used to say very often, that he never heard those Ladies use the Word *Charity*, in all they then did for me, because the Expression was too hard, and might have shocked the Nicety of their Sentiments for me.

Whenever they spoke of me, they never called me *that little Girl*; it was always *that lovely Child*.

When they mentioned my Parents, no doubt they were Foreigners and of prodigious great Quality in their own Country. The Thing could not be otherwise, and they were as sure of it, as if they had been Eye-witnesses of every Circumstance they were pleased to imagine. There was a little Story given out about me, which had been amplified by the Extravagancies of every one that told it, and of which they were afterwards as fully convinced, as if they had not been the Authors of it themselves.

But

But all things come to an End in this World, and the finest Sentiments have their Period as well as other Things. As my Adventure grew stale, it ceased to strike their Fancy. An Habit of seeing me, dissipated the Imaginations which had been so beneficial to me. It exhausted the Satisfaction they took in loving me. As it had been but a transitory Pleasure, their lovely Child in six Months time was dwindled into a poor fatherless and motherless Creature, and one with whom they no longer scrupled to use the Word *Charity*, for they said I had a Title to their most charitable Dispositions: All the Vicars in the Neighbourhood recommended me to their Parishioners; for the Gentleman with whom I lived had no Estate. But the Religion of the Ladies was of much less Service to me than their Extravagance had been: For I made little or no Advantage of it, and had not the Vicar and his Sister taken the tenderest Inclination for me, my Condition would have been very deplorable.

That Gentlewoman brought me up as she would have done her own Child. I told you already, that her Brother and she were of a very good Family. A Report went, that a Law-suit had exhausted all their Fortune, and that he had since retired to this Living, whither his Sister followed him,

him, as they were very fond of one another.

A Country Vicar's Niece or Sister is most commonly an unbred aukward Country-like Woman.

But this was a Person very different, for good Sense, Politeness and Virtue were united in her in the highest Degree.

I remember that many Times when she looked on me, she could not restrain her Tears, at the Thoughts of my Disaster: But then in Return I loved her as I would have done my own Mother. I must own too, that all my Ways were graceful and engaging, much above those of the common Run of Children. I was of a mild and gay Temper, with a fine Gesture and Face, which gave great Hopes of an agreeable Physiogmony, and indeed it answered those Hopes perfectly well.

I pass over in Silence the whole Time of my Education and Infancy, during which I learned to do a thousand little Works, which have since proved a very great Help to me.

I was much about fifteen, (for my Age might easily be mistaken) when one of the Vicar's Cousins, who had no other Heir except his Sister and him, writ from *Paris* that he was dangerously ill. He had already given them frequent Information of his ill State of Health: But he press'd them

them in this Letter to come to *Paris* in all haste, if they had a Mind to see him before his Death. As the Vicar was very exact in performing the Duties of his Function, he determined not to leave his Cure, and sent his Sister to *Paris*.

At first, she scrupled taking me with her ; but two Days before she went, as she saw me very much dejected, and heard me sigh most sadly, *Marianne*, said she, take Courage, since you so much dread my Absence, I will not be against your going along with me, and I hope my Brother will consent. I have even a Prospect for you. My Intention is to put you a Prentice to some Tradeswoman, for it is time for you to think of doing something. As long as we live my Brother and I will always help you, not to mention what we may leave you when we die. But that will never be sufficient to maintain you ; For we can leave you very little. I don't believe our Cousin to whom I am going is very rich, and we must think of chusing for you such a Station as will be a Settlement. All this I tell you, my dear *Marianne*, because you begin to have Judgment, and I would fain have the Comfort, before I die, of seeing you married to some honest Man, or at least in the Way of being so, to your Advantage. It is but just indeed, that I should have that Satisfaction.

I ran

I ran into her Arms upon this. I wept heartily, and so did she, for she was throughly good natur'd, and I was my self of a sweet Disposition; nor am I yet much altered.

Hereupon the Vicar came in. What is the Matter, said he, Sister, I believe *Marianne* is crying? She up and told him the Subject of our Conversation, and the Design she had to carry me to *Paris*. With all my Heart, said he; But if she stays there, I doubt we shall see her no more. The Thought of that makes my Heart ake; For I love the poor Child dearly: We brought her up: I am grown very old, and this may be my last farewell.

Nothing, as you see, was more moving than this Conversation. I could make no other Reply than Sighs, Sobs and Groans, which moved them still more, upon which the good old Man came up to me; *Marianne*, said he, you shall go with my Sister, since it is for your Advantage, which I must prefer to any other Consideration. We have been to you in lieu of your Parents, whom it pleased God you never knew, nor any of your Family. Therefore, never venture to do any thing while we are alive, without our Advice, and if my Sister can leave you at *Paris* in a good Place (otherwise you shall come back with her) do you write to us, whenever
you

you stand in need of our Counsels. As for our Love and Assistance, 'tis what you shall never want.

I shall not repeat you all he said to me before we went; for all those little insignificant Particulars of my Youth have no Doubt tired you, as they are of little or no Concern, and I long to come to more material Things. I have a great many to tell you, and I cannot but have the greatest Love and Esteem for you, since I have taken upon me to give you a Narration, which will not be very short. I shall surely waste a great deal of Paper in Scribling; But I will not think of it, for fear my Laziness should take the Alarm. Let us then go on freely, and never mind it.

We then set forward, the Vicar's Sister and I, and arrived at *Paris*. We were obliged to cross the greatest Part of the Town, before we could reach the House of their abovementioned Relation.

My Amazement at the Sight of that large, populous and noisy Town far exceeds all Description. It was the Empire of the Moon to me. I was perfectly out of my Wits. I had lost my Memory. All I could do was just to move my Body, and open my Eyes. I was, in short, a meer gaping Machine.

However, I came to my self again before I was set down, and began to enjoy the

the Objects of my Amazement. My Sentiments were no longer a Paradox; and I began to be overjoy'd to see my self where I was. The Air I then breathed revived my Spirits; for there seemed to be an agreeable Sympathy betwixt my Fancy and the Objects that offered. I guessed that this vast Croud of Varieties contained an inexhaustible Source of Pleasures yet unknown to me. I thought in short all manner of Delight centered there. Pray, was not this a true womanish Fancy, and even an Omen of all my future Adventures?

They were soon foretold me by *Destiny*. (For, must not *Destiny* have always a Share in a Woman's History?) We found the Cousin we were going to had been dead, not above four and twenty Hours.

But this was not all; for every Apartment in his House was sealed up. He had held several Offices under the State, and 'twas said his Debts far exceeded his Fortune.

How they made that out, I won't pretend to say, it being an Affair much beyond my Capacity. All I know of it is, that we could not be admitted into his House, where all was seized, and that after many Debates in the Compass of three full Months, they convinc'd us at last that there was not one Penny of what he

he had left for us, and that it was a thousand Pities he had left no more, for the better Discharge of his Debts.

Had we not then made a very fine Journey of it? The Vicar's Sister was so much vexed at it, that she fell sick at our Lodgings.

All her Grief, alas! was for my sake alone. She hoped that this Incident would make her able to do me good. Besides, this fruitless Journey had almost exhausted her Purse. The Money she had brought with her was considerably diminished; it decreased every Day, and her Brother, who had nothing but his Living to depend on, could not send her any more, without great Difficulty. But her Sickness was our great Grievance. Lord! what a moving Sight she was!

She did nothing but sigh every Minute. The dear Woman never loved me so much as she then did, because she had never seen me in so deplorable a Condition. On my Part, I comforted and caressed her continually, and indeed without the least Affectation; for all my Sentiments were honest and full of Gratitude. My Heart was forwarder and more delicate than my Wit; though this was pretty ripe too.

You may judge she had informed the Vicar of all our Misfortunes: But there are fatal Periods, wherein all Sorts of Disasters

alters rush in upon us (and this we are forced to think from Experience.) The honest old Gentleman, as he went to visit one of his Fellow-Clergymen, had the Misfortune to get a Fall, six Weeks after we went; A very dangerous Accident for an old Man. He had not been able to stir out of his Bed ever since, but lingered there, when the fatal News came from his Sister. He was seized with so many Infirmities at once, that he was in a Manner obliged to resign his Living, and name his own Successor. They affected his Mind as well as his Body. He had Time however to send us a little more Money, after which he was to be looked upon as good as dead.

The Thought of all this fills me still with Horror. The Earth is sure a Country very foreign to virtuous Minds, since they are perpetually tortured upon it.

We had almost lost all Hopes of his Sister's Recovery, when we received this fatal News. She gave a loud Shriek at reading of the Letter and fainted.

For my Part I melted in Tears. I called for Help; she came again to her self; but did not shed a single Tear. From that Moment I observed in her nothing but a courageous Resignation to the Decrees of Providence. Her Heart was all Courage. The uneasy Fondness she had before

before for me, became on a sudden a virtuous Affection, and she resigned me with all imaginable Confidence into the Hands of him, who is the Master of all Events.

When she came to her self, and we were alone, she bid me come to her. Pray, my dear Friend, give me leave to relate here a Part of her Discourse, the Remembrance of which will always be dear to me, for these are the last Words I heard from her.

“ *Marianne*, said she, I have no more a
 “ Brother; for though mine be not yet
 “ dead, with regard to you and I he is
 “ as good. I perceive that you will also
 “ lose me soon. But though your Con-
 “ dition be extremely deplorable, it is
 “ some Comfort to think, that it is God’s
 “ Will. He aims at things much more
 “ to your Advantage than any I could
 “ ever intend. Perhaps I shall lye a while
 “ in this lingering Condition: Not that
 “ it is improbable, but that the very first
 “ Time I faint ’twill carry me off. (This
 “ alas! was but too true) I dare not, conti-
 “ nued she, trust you with the Rest of my
 “ Money; for you are too young, and
 “ liable to be deceiv’d. I will deliver it
 “ into the Hands of the Monk who visits
 “ me every Day. You shall go fetch
 “ him to Morrow, that I may speak
 “ to him. After this last Care taken of
 “ you,

“ you, the only Thing I have to recom-
“ mend to you is to be inflexibly virtuous
“ and honest. I have brought you up
“ in the Love of Virtue. Do you but
“ constantly reflect on your Education,
“ and be assured, my dear *Marianne*,
“ that you will by so doing become pos-
“ sessed of the greatest Treasure that could
“ possibly be left to you : For it will
“ be a Treasure to your very Soul. ’Tis
“ true, it won’t prevent your being poor
“ as to Fortune, and you may live per-
“ haps in very great Straits. Not that it
“ is unlikely, but that God will reward
“ your Virtue and Honesty even in this
“ World. Virtuous Minds are scarce,
“ but the Lovers of Virtue are in great
“ Plenty. And they are the more so, be-
“ cause there is no doing without them
“ even in this World. For instance, no
“ Man is willing to marry any but an ho-
“ nest Woman. Let her Condition be ne-
“ ver so mean, ’tis no matter, there is no
“ Dishonour attends it : But if she be rich
“ and wants Virtue, Shame will be the
“ Portion she brings to her Husband. Be-
“ lieve me, Child, Men will always be of
“ this Mind, for it is not in their Nature
“ to be otherwise. Therefore, be but
“ virtuous, and never doubt but that you
“ will one Day or other find a Husband.
“ Besides, is not Virtue the sweetest and
“ most

most comfortable Companion, to such
 as cherish it in their Hearts, even to
 such as live in a constant Scene of Mi-
 sery? So soon is their Poverty at an
 end! so short is Life! The great Scor-
 ners of what we call Honesty, neverthe-
 less make so very free with such Women
 as suffer themselves to be seduced;
 They take Advantage of their Weakness
 with so steady an Impudence; They
 punish them so very severely for the
 Disorders they have brought upon them;
 They are so sensible of their being des-
 titute of all Defence, and find them so
 intirely degraded and despicable, by the
 Loss of that Virtue which they set so
 light by and ridiculed, that it is only
 for want of reflecting, that any Woman
 grows lewd. For who would think on it
 a Moment, and chuse to get rid of Po-
 verty, at the severe Rate of being infam-
 ous and despised——.

One of the House came in upon this
 and stopped her. Perhaps you will ask
 what my Answer to it was? Indeed nothing;
 For I was not able to utter a Word. Her
 Discourse, and the Thoughts of her ap-
 proaching Death had quite turned my
 Brains. I held her Arm, and kissed it a
 thousand Times, but could do nothing else.

However, I lost not a Syllable of what
 he said, and it made such an Impression
 on

on my Mind, that I believe I have here repeated every individual Word of it to you. I was then fifteen Years and a half at least, and was apprehensive enough, not to want any Explanation of all this.

Let us now come to the Use I made of it. Lord, how many Extravagancies am I entering upon! How deplorable is the Condition of Men, who never begin to act wisely, but when it can hardly be thought a Virtue in them. When they say, such an one is at Years of Discretion; pray, what do they mean by it? Sure the Expression is very faulty; For the Years of Discretion meant, are more properly Years of Madness. When Reason once comes on, it is a most beautiful Jewel, often looked at, much valued, but never made use of. Pray, my dear, bear with these transient Reflections. I shall always make some of them by the by. The Privilege of reflecting is of right but too much mine, since it is the Price of so many Extravagancies. Now let us proceed. Till now I had been at the Expence of others, but shall soon be at my own.

The Vicar's Sister had told me, she suspected she should go off with her next Fainting: And alas! it prov'd a Prophecy.

I would not go to Bed that Night. I sat up with her. She slept pretty well till two in the Morning, but after that I heard her

her groan, and running to her Bed, I spoke to her, but she was already speechless. She only squeezed my Hand, and looked like one expiring.

I was then suddenly seized with a Fright, proceeding from the Certainty of losing her. I presently lost my Senses. Lord, how terrible was then the State of my Mind! Methought, that the whole World was a Desert, in which I was ready to be left alone. I then perceived how dearly I loved her, and how tender she had been towards me. All these Things were in an instant presented to my Imagination, and struck me so to the Heart, that I was raving with the Thought of them.

Good God! how much Grief are we liable to! What Trouble and Sense of Misery fall upon our Minds! I must confess, that my having thus endured the highest Degree of Grief possible, has always shocked me violently, whenever I thought of it. To that Thought I even owe the vast Relish I have now for Retirement.

I am not capable of arguing in the Philosophic Strain, nor do I much care, for I believe it is little more than Words in the main. Those I have heard argue in that manner are, no doubt, very witty; but I believe nevertheless, that on certain Topicks, they resemble those News-mongers, which

broach Falsties, for want of real Occurrences, or alter the Advices they receive, when they like them not. For my part, I think that Experience is the only Thing, can give us any good Account of our selves, and that we ought not to depend too rashly on those our Wit is pleased to contrive, for I take that to be capricious enough.

But to return, I am quite ashamed of what I have been saying, though I was fond enough of it, so long as it lasted. 'Tis likely I shall in time come to relish the holding of an Argument. For in every thing the first Steps, they say, are only difficult. And pray, why should I not argue? Is it because I am but an illiterate Woman? Good Sense sure is of no Sex. I don't pretend to give others any Instructions, for I am already turned of fifty; and a very honest learned Gentleman told me the other Day, that though I knew nothing, yet I was not more ignorant than those who were much better Scholars. I say this after a Virtuoso of the first Rank. For these Gentlemen, as elated as they are with their Learning, have sometimes Fits of Sincerity, wherein they cannot help speaking Truth, and are so dissatisfied with their usual Presumption, that they quit it, in order to draw a little fresh Air, under the Shelter of a convenient Ignorance. It eases

eases them of their Burden, just as I have eased my self of mine, in thus declaring my Opinion of them.

I was seized with the most weighty Grief, when I saw this virtuous Woman, to whom I was so much indebted, was expiring. For though she had a thousand Times told me of her approaching Death, I never imagined, that her Sickness would so determine.

The whole House rang again with my Shrieks and Lamentations. They alarmed all the Family. The Landlord and his Wife suspecting what the Matter was, got up and knock'd at the Room Door. I opened it without knowing what I did. They spake to me; but my Cries were the only Answer I made them. They soon apprehended the Cause of my Grief. They tried to assist the poor expiring Creature: And who knows but she was already gone, for she was motionless. But half an Hour after, they were positive she was dead. The Servants came up with Hurry and Clamour, during which I lost my Senses in a Swoon. I was carried into the next Room without perceiving it. What a Condition I was afterwards in, I will not inform you. You may easily guess, and the Recital fills me still with Sorrow and Melancholy.

Now was I left alone with no other Guide but the Experience of a Girl of fifteen or thereabout. As the poor dead Woman had owned me for her Niece, and as I seemed to have Understanding, they gave me a verbal Account of all they said was found about her, which would not have required a more formal Proceeding, had they even given me up the whole. But a part of the Linnen was stollen, with some other Trifles, and I believe they took the Value of two hundred, out of near four hundred Livres the deceased had left. I complained of it, but in such mild Terms, that it availed no more than my Silence would have done. My Affliction was so very excessive, that I cared for nothing in the World. As I had no Friend left, to concern himself either for me or my Life, I had no Regard to it my self. And this Turn of Mind put me into such a State as made it look like Tranquillity; but alas! how lamentable is such seeming Calmness! Indeed the greatest Transports of Rage and Despair are less to be pitied.

Every one in the Family seemed concerned for me, and did all they could to comfort me under a Disaster, of which they had made their Advantage. A kind of People the World swarms with. For generally, none express a greater Desire of
allevi-

alleviating our Troubles, than those who cause or get any thing by them.

I let them dispose of several things for which they gave me what they thought fit, and there were already fourteen Days, since my dear Aunt, as they called her, (and I would fain term her my dear Mother, or rather my only Friend, there being no Title but must yield to that, nor any Heart so tender or so unshaken as one inspired by true and solid Friendship.) I say, there were already fourteen Days, since my dearest Friend was dead, and I had been all the while in this Lodging, without knowing or caring what should become of me; when the Monk already mentioned, who often used to visit the deceased, and had himself been very sick, came again to ask how she did. He was very sorry to hear of her being dead; and as he was the only Man that knew the Secret of my Birth, which the Deceased had thought proper to reveal to him, and as I was sensible that he knew it, I saw him with great Satisfaction.

My Misfortune, and the great Unconcernedness I shewed for my self in these astonishing Circumstances extremely moved him. He spoke to me of it in the most affecting manner, and represented to me the dangerous Consequences of my staying any longer in this House alone, and

without one Soul that would own me. And indeed I was very much exposed by my Situation; for my Person was perfectly agreeable, and I was of an Age in which Beauty is the more engaging, because in full Bloom, and entirely free from Affectation.

His Discourse took Effect. It made me sensible of the Danger of my Condition, and I began to be apprehensive of what should become of me. This Thought raised a thousand uneasy Fancies in my Mind. Pray, said I to him all in Tears, Whither shall I go? No Soul on Earth knows me. I am neither the Daughter nor Relation of any Man living. To whom shall I apply for Help, or who is obliged to assist me? What shall I do when I leave this House? The Money I have won't last me long. Besides, it may be taken from me, and this is the first time I ever had any of my own to spend.

The good old Monk was at a loss how to make me a Reply. Methought that I even began to be a very great Burden to him by intreating him to direct me. And these are a sort of People, who after they have once spoke to you, or given you their Advice, have done all they are able to do.

Going into the Country again, would have been an extravagant Thing: For it
was

was no longer a Refuge for me, and I could find no other Friend there, but an old infirm crazy Man, who had sold all he had left to send us the last Money we had received from him, and who had nothing else to do but to end his Days in Dependence on a Successor, who was as great a Stranger to me as I was to him, or at least cared little for me. There was then no Protection to be hoped for on that side; a Thought that frightened me almost to Distraction.

The Monk, after having rack'd his own Imagination, thought at last of a noble, charitable and pious Gentleman, who, he said, had entirely devoted himself to virtuous Actions, and to whom he promised to recommend me the very next Day. But the *next Day* would not do with one who had lost all her Wits, and was quite mad with the Thought of staying for Relief any longer. I cried most desperately. He offered to go more than once; but I always held him, and threw my self at his Feet. No *next Day*, said I. If you don't get me out of this House now, you will presently throw me into the utmost Despair. For God's sake don't go. What would you have me to do in a Place, where they have already taken part of my Money from me? And ten to one but they will take the rest this Night. I may be run

away with. I am in Fear of my Life. I dread every Thing. Be assured I shall die, rather than stay a Moment longer here. If you go without me, I shall certainly flee at all Adventures. And would not this be Matter of Grief to you?

The Monk, who never was more at a Loss, seeing he could by no Means get rid of me, fell into a profound Study; and then taking a Pen and Ink, wrote a Word to the Gentleman he had told me of. The Letter he read to me was extremely pressing; for he intreated him on his Religion to hasten to us with all Speed. God, said he, has here prepared for you the most charitable, most meritorious and most acceptable Action in his Sight, of any you ever did in your Life. But to persuade him the more he mentioned my Age, Sex and Beauty, with the fatal Consequences they might possibly have, either from my own Weakness, or the Wickedness of others.

When the Letter was writ, I sent it as it was directed: And while we waited for an Answer, I kept him in View, being fully resolved not to lye that Night in the House. Nor could I tell what it was I apprehended, which was the very Reason of my Fears being so very great. All I know is, that I fancied the Face of my Landlord, which I had not taken much Notice of before, was none of the best. His

His Wife, methought, had a furly gloomy Look, and the Servants seemed to me so many ill natured Rogues; in short, all together made me tremble. Nor could I longer live in such a horrid State of Mind; for then my Imagination represented to me most dreadful Scenes. I had nothing in View but Swords, Daggers, Assassinations, Robberies, Insults, and other the like Pieces of Villany. Lord! how cold my Blood ran at the Thoughts of the Dangers I fancied my self in! For whenever an ill Imagination is upon the Wing, deplorable is the Mind harassed by it.

I was entertaining the Monk with my melancholy Fancies, when the Man whom we had sent on our Errand returned, and told us, that the Coach of the abovementioned virtuous Gentleman was waiting for us below, and that it was impossible for him, either to write or come himself, because he was taken up with earnest Business, when he received the Letter. I packed off in an Instant, like one who had escaped the greatest Danger of her Life. I bad my horrid Landlord and Landlady come up: And in reality their Look was none of the most engaging, and Imagination had but little to do, to find them perfectly disagreeable. One thing is very certain, *viz.* That I have remembered their Faces ever

since. Methinks I see them still, and could draw their Pictures; and I have known several honest People, whom I could not abide, because their Physiognomies happened in some Respect to resemble theirs.

I then went into the Coach with the Monk, and we were soon at the above-mentioned Gentleman's. He was a Man between fifty and sixty, yet sufficiently genteel, very rich, and of a mild but grave Countenance, mixt with an Air of Mortification, which was predominant over a good Complexion, and happy Plight of Body.

He gave us a kind and free Reception, and no other Compliment than that of embracing the Monk. He once cast his Eyes upon me, and then desired us to sit down.

My Heart fluttered all the while, and I was quite out of Countenance. I durst not look up, for the Girl's Self-love was stupified and quite disconcerted. Well, said our Gentleman, who wanted to begin the Conversation, and had taken the Monk by the Hand, squeezing it with a devout Compunction, what's the Matter? In Answer to this, the Monk gave him my History. Lord, replied he, what an odd Adventure! and how deplorable is this young Woman's Situation! Sure, you was much in the right, continued he, addressing himself to the Monk, when you writ
me

me Word, that doing her Service, was the best Action that ever could be done. I am indeed of the same Opinion, for a thousand good Reasons. She stands in greater Need of Help than any other of her Sex. And I thank you heartily, for having pitched on me for that Purpose. I bless the Moment in which God inspired you to apply to me on such an Occasion: For I am intirely affected with what I have heard. Come, let us consider a little how we shall go about it. My dear Child! said he, in a cordial and charitable manner, what Age are you? At this Question I began to sigh, without being able to utter one Word. Don't suffer your self to be thus cast down with Grief, said he; Take Courage, for I desire nothing more than to serve you. Besides, God is our Sovereign Lord, whom we are to praise for every Thing he does. Tell me then what Age you think you may be of. Fifteen and a half, said I, and perhaps a little more. Really, said he, one wou'd be apt to think her older; but her Looks make me have a good Opinion of her Sentiments and Wit. They even shew her to be of a noble Extraction. Indeed her Misfortune is very great. How impenetrable are the Designs of Providence to us!

But, let us now mind the main Affair,

he, after he had thus inwardly adored the Decrees of Heaven. As you have no Fortune, we must know what sort of Employment you would chuse for your self. Pray, had your deceased Friend taken no Resolutions on that Head? Her Intention, said I, was to put me Apprentice to some Trade. Very well, replied he, I approve of her Design; but do you likewise approve of it your self? Speak freely; for there are several things that may perhaps fit you. For instance, I have a Sister, who is a very reasonable Woman, and also rich. She has just lost a Gentlewoman, who had been with her a great while, and to whom she would certainly have done much good, for she loved her tenderly. If you would succeed her, I am sure my Sister would receive you with Pleasure.

This Proposal made me blush. Alas! Sir, said I, though I am destitute of every Thing, and quite ignorant of my Extraction, methinks, I would chuse to die, rather than live with any as a Servant; and if my Parents were alive, very likely I should have Servants of my own, instead of being a Servant my self.

I made him this Reply with a very melancholy Air, and then shedding a few Tears, Since I am forced, said I, sighing and sobbing bitterly, to work for my Bread, I shall always prefer the meanest of Trades

to that Condition, even though I were sure to make my Fortune by it. Ah! my dear Child, said he, pray be easy. I approve of your way of thinking. It is a Sign your Sentiments are not mean. That sort of Pride no doubt is not to be blamed: But it must not be carried to Excess, for then it would be no longer reasonable. Let the Conjectures of your being born of noble Parents be never so probable, yet do they fall short of Certainty; and this is what you are to build upon. However, we shall act according to the Views of your departed Friend. 'Tis true, it will cost more, because your Board must be paid for every Year; but 'tis no matter; you shall be provided for this very Day. I will take you now to my Linnen-draper, to whom I am sure you will be very welcome. Now are you satisfied? Yes, Sir, said I, and you may depend on it, that I shall never forget your Kindness towards me. Be sure to make your Advantage of it, said the Monk, who had been silent during the whole Dialogue, and let your Conduct be such as will recompence this Gentleman, for the Care his Piety induces him to take of you. I am much afraid, replied he with a devout and seeming scrupulous Affection, that it will be no Merit in me to help her, for my being too much moved at her Misfortunes.

He

He then got up, and said; Don't let us lose Time, Madam: It grows late: Let us make haste to the Gentlewoman I have mentioned. Now, Father, said he to the Monk, you may retire, I shall give you a good Account of the *Depositum* you entrust me with. Upon this the Monk left us; I thanked him for his Kindness with a timorous Voice; for I was greatly troubled; and we went immediately into the Coach, my Benefactor and I.

I wish I could tell you all that passed in my Mind, and how much I was affected by this Conversation, of which I have told you but a very small part. For there passed between them several other disagreeable Hints about me; and it may not be improper to tell you, that as young as I was, my Temper inclined me towards being a little lofty. As I had been brought up with a tender Indulgence, and even with great Regard, a Conversation of that kind could not but shock me very much. Men's Favours are attended surely with an Awkwardness extremely mortifying to those who are to receive them. You must know, they had for an Hour together run through every little Particular of my Misery, so that their only Topick was the Compassion I had raised in them; and how meritorious it would be to do me good; and then, that Religion required them

them to take Care of me. After which followed a Crowd of proud, tho' charitable Reflections, and all the emphatick Sentiments of an elated Devotion. In short, Charity never made a more Pharisaical and more stately Parade of its melancholy Duties. My Heart was overwhelmed with Shame at their devout Pageantry; and since I am upon that Subject, I must tell you, that nothing is more cruel than to depend on the Help of a certain sort of People. For what is Charity when it keeps no Measures towards the Miserable, and when it never relieves a Soul, till it has wounded it in the tenderest Part? A pretty Virtue, indeed! which throws into Despair those who are the Objects of it. Pray is a Man always charitable, for doing charitable Actions? Very far from it. I might say to those Pretenders to Charity; when you so unmercifully insist on a particular Enumeration of my bad Circumstances; when you bring me Face to Face with the whole Group of my Misfortunes; when the Ceremonial of your mortifying Inquiries, or rather of your burdensome Examination precedes the Assistance you afford me, you call that Charity; but I say, it is a brutish, barbarous and hateful Action, a meer Trade, and not the Result of genuine Charity.

I have

I have now done. Let such as want any Information on that Head make their best Advantages of this. They may be sure I had it from the best Hand, since I speak by my own Experience.

To return, I was in the Coach, going to the Draper's with my Gentleman, and I remember very well, that he was much more inquisitive as we went, than he had been with the Monk, and that I answered him in a low dejected Voice. I durst hardly stir, and took up very little Room; for alas! I was like one dead.

However notwithstanding the deep Melancholy and Heaviness of my Heart, I was surpris'd at the Things he told me. Methought, his Conversation was pretty odd, and that his Stile grew milder on a sudden; that he was more fawning than zealous, and more generous than charitable, in short, quite another Man.

‘ You seem pretty much under Restraint
 ‘ with me, said he. I don't like to see you
 ‘ so reserved. It is what would soon grow
 ‘ into an Aversion for me, though I wish
 ‘ you more Good than any Man living.
 ‘ No doubt but our Conversation with the
 ‘ Monk has thrown you into this melan-
 ‘ choly Way. People of his Sort have a
 ‘ rough uncomfortable Way of expressing
 ‘ their Zeal, and we are sometimes forced
 ‘ in a manner to imitate them. But for my

' part I am naturally tender-hearted;
 ' therefore, my dear Child, you may look
 ' upon me as your assured Friend, and
 ' one who has an hearty Concern for you,
 ' and desires you would repose an intire
 ' Confidence in him, Do you hear? The
 ' only Right I shall claim over you is, that
 ' of giving you now and then my Advice.
 ' Which I desire may not keep you at any
 ' distance. Suppose, for Instance, I should
 ' tell you, that you are young and hand-
 ' some, and that these two fine Endow-
 ' ments will expose you to the amorous
 ' Addresses of every giddy-brain'd Beau,
 ' that may chance to see you; and that it
 ' would be very wrong to hearken to their
 ' Nonsense, because it would be of no Ser-
 ' vice to you, and not worth your Atten-
 ' tion, which now must be intirely bent on
 ' every thing that can raise your Fortune.
 ' I am not ignorant, that young Women
 ' of your Age are enchanted with the
 ' Thoughts of pleasing every Beholder.
 ' And I doubt not, but you will be uni-
 ' versally admired, without any seeking of
 ' yours. But never make it your Business
 ' to please every one, especially a thou-
 ' sand pert little Fellows, which your Si-
 ' tuation will require you not to mind.
 ' What I tell you does not proceed from
 ' any Excess of Severity in me,' continu-
 ' ed he, freely taking me by the Hand,
 ' which

which was none of the ugliest. No, Sir, said I. And then observing that I had no Gloves, I will buy you some, said he; they preserve the Hands, and that is worth the minding, when they happen to be handsome.

Upon which he bid the Coachman stop; and he bought several Pair for me, all which I tried with his Assistance: For he would by all means help me, and I let him do so, always blushing at my Obedience; though I knew not why, and meerly by a kind of Instinct, which made me uneasy and doubtful, what this might signifie.

All these little Particulars I mention to you, because they really are not so insignificant as might be thought at first sight.

At last, we arrived at the Draper's, who seemed to me a very good sort of a Woman, and who received me on the Terms then agreed on for my Board. If I remember well, he talked to her a good while in private. But I then apprehended nothing of what they had been saying. He went away at last, saying, that he should come and visit us soon; and recommended me very earnestly to the Gentlewoman, who after he was gone, shewed me a little Room, wherein I put all my Things, and where I was to lye with another Woman. I must, for the sake of the Story, acquaint you with the Name of this Dealer.

They

They called her Mrs. *Du Tour*, she was a Widow, and did not seem to be above Thirty: A fat jolly Woman, and who at first Sight might be taken for the best natured Creature in the World, and so she was. Her Family consisted of a little Boy her Son, of six or seven Years old, of a Maid, and one Mrs. *Toinon* her Journey-Woman.

Had the most unforeseen Accident happened to me, I could never have been more chagrined than I was in that House. Sensible People are much more and sooner cast down, on some Occasions, than others, because all that happens to them presently strikes to their very Heart. A certain stupid Melancholy invades them, with which I was seized myself: Mrs. *Du Tour* did all she could to force me out of that dismal State of Mind.

‘Come, come, Mrs. *Marianne*, said she; (for she had asked my Name :) You are with very good-natured People. Pray don’t be so melancholy. I love to see People merry. What ails you? Don’t you like our Company? For my part, I no sooner saw you, but took a Fancy to you. There is our *Toinon*, who is a very good Girl, you must get acquainted with one another.’ And all this she told me as we were at Supper. To which I made no Answer but with
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an Inclination of my Head, and a Look that thanked her for me. Sometimes I had Courage enough to tell her, *Madam, you are very kind.* But really I was there out of my true Sphere, and born for quite other Company.

Methought there was something in the blunt Sincerity of that Woman, which I could not help being shocked at. However, I never had lived before in any other Company but that of the Vicar and his Sister, which were very far from being People of the *Beau Monde*. 'Tis true, their Ways were perfectly plain; but I never had observed the least Rudeness in them. Their Discourses were unaffected, and full of good Sense. Honest People of a middling Fortune might very well have spoken as they did. And had I never seen any other Company, I should never have imagined there had been any better. Whereas I could not be satisfied in the least with this Family. Their Language appeared to me like a sort of Jargon or Gibberish, whose Harshness and Rashness offended the Nicety of my Ears. I was already persuaded, that in the *Beau Monde* there was something much superior to this. I longed mightily for that, and was very sorry to see myself thus deprived of that better Condition, to which I was as yet a Stranger. Pray tell me whence do you think

think this Turn of Mind might proceed? Where had I contracted this Delicacy? Did it run in my Blood? Possibly it might. Or did it rather proceed from my having lived a small time at *Paris*? Nor is that unlikely. There are penetrating Spirits with whom a short Instruction has the Effect of a long Information; and who, from the little they see, presently imagine all that might be shewn to them.

Mine, I assure you, had a very piercing and quick Apprehension; especially in Things within its Sphere, such as the World was. I had no Acquaintance at *Paris*, and knew very few of its Streets. But there were in those Streets People of all Kinds, and Coaches, and in those Coaches a Species quite new, but not at all strange to me. And no doubt but there was within me a natural Inclination, which wanted nothing but these Objects to exert itself upon. So that when I saw them, it was just as if I had met with something I looked for.

You may easily judge, that with such Dispositions, neither Mrs. *Du Tour*, nor Mrs. *Toinon* were fit Company for me. The latter was a tall lusty Body, very strict in holding back her Head. She handled her Shop-Goods with all the Judgment and Address imaginable. In which her whole Soul was employed: For her Wit was no longer than her Ell. For

For my part, I was so awkward at that Business, that I provoked her Spleen every Moment. But then you should have seen with what an Air of Conceitedness and Self-sufficiency she used to check me, and blame my Want of Skill. But the Jest was, that generally her Reprimands made me still more awkward, because my Disgust was increased by them.

We lay in the same Room, as I told you already, where she used to give me her Advice about arriving at Preferment, which was her usual Phrase. And then she gave an Account of her Relations; their Circumstances and Characters, told me what they had given her the last Year for her New-Year's Gift. Then she told me of her Lover, which was an handsome genteel Spark, with whom we were to go out a walking some time or other. To which I replied, with all my Heart, though I had no great Mind to it. She did not forget to mention Mrs. *Du Tour's* Sweet-heart, whom she should already have made happy, but that he was not rich enough, though he used visit her often, and eat with her; and that she made much of him, I tell you all this fine Stuff only to divert you. If it tires you, you may skip it.

Mr. *De Climal*, (for that was the Name of the Gentleman who had brought me to Mrs. *Du Tour*) came again three or four Days

Days after he had left me there. I was then in our Room with Mrs. *Toinon*, who was very busy about shewing me her fine Clothes, and who, out of Politeness, left the Room as soon as he came in.

Well, my dear Child! said he, how do you like your present Station? I hope, answered I, that I shall become used to it. I should be very glad, said he, to see you easy; for I love you with all my Heart. You pleased me extremely the first Moment I saw you; of which I shall give you as many convincing Proofs as shall lie in my Power. Poor Dear! What a vast Satisfaction I shall find, in doing you Service! But I must have your Friendship in return. I should be the most ungrateful Creature in the World, answered I, not to have a true Friendship for you. No, no, said he, it won't be for want of Gratitude you don't love me; but because you won't take the Freedom with me, that I could wish. I am too sensible of the Duty I owe you, said I; Nay, said he, it is a Doubt whether you owe me any, since we are uncertain who you are. But, *Marianne*, added he, laying hold of my Hand, which he squeezed gently, would you not be a little more familiar with a Friend, that would wish you so well as I do? It is what I hope from you. You would doubtless unveil all your Sentiments and Inclinations to such a Friend,

Friend, and be desirous to see him often. And why should you not be thus to me? I must have my Will in this, do you see, Child, or else we shall have a hot Quarrel. But hearkee, I had like to have forgot to give you some Money. And at the same time he put a few *Louidors* in my Hand. At first I refused them, telling him, that I had something left of the Deceased's Money. But he nevertheless forced me to accept of them. I took the Money, though with a sort of Confusion. For there was something disgustful in it. But it was not then necessary for me to indulge my natural Pride in that Point, especially with a Man who had taken the Charge of me as a poor Orphan, to whom he seemed resolved to be as a Father.

When I received this Present I made him a Courtesy with a grave Face. Ah! my dear *Marianne*, said he, no more of these Courtesies. Shew me rather that you are pleased. Come, let us see how many more Courtesies you will make me for a whole new Suit which I am going to give you. I did not much mind the Suit he promised me; but he said this with such a seeming good Nature, and so much Humour, that I must own he won my Heart entirely. All my Reluctancies vanished on a sudden, and were succeeded by the quickest Sense of Gratitude. I threw myself on his Arm, which

which I kissed very gracefully, and was ready to cry, I was so affected by it.

He was ravished to see this sudden Motion, and took and kissed my Hand very passionately; a manner of acting which, even in the Hurry of my little Transport, appeared to me odd and singular enough, but still of that sort of Singularity which surprised me, without opening my Eyes, or discovering his real Sentiments, and which I was inclined to take for a quick though pretty uncommon Expression of his good Nature.

However, from that instant the Conversation began to be freer on my Side. My easy Ways gave me Charms, which he was not yet acquainted with. He sometimes stood motionless, gazing on me with a Tenderness, which I always observed to be extraordinary, without apprehending what it meant.

And indeed I could then by no means penetrate any further into his Designs: For my Imagination had already fixed my Ideas, with regard to that Man. Though I saw him enchanted with me, yet I thought my Youth, Circumstances, Wit and Beauty, might possibly have inspired him, with a very innocent Affection for me. Men are apt to conceive a Tenderness for young Girls of my Age, of whom they are resolved to take Care. They are extremely
D pleased

pleased to see them have Merit, because their Favours to them will turn more to their Honour. In short, we generally like to see the Objects of our Generosity; and a Girl of fifteen and a half, though she have no great Experience, may nevertheless easily guess at all the tender Motives of her Benefactor in such a Case. She is no more surpris'd at them, than she would be at her Father's or her Mother's Fondness for her. And that was exactly the Opinion I had of this Person. I should much sooner have taken him for an Original, and one whose Ways were odd and singular, than for what he really was. He took my Hand a thousand Times and kissed it as we were in jest: The only thing I admired in this was the hasty Progress of his Inclination for me; a Thought which affected me more than all his Favours.

It would perhaps be much better not to mention all these little Particulars; but I write as well as I can. I must not think that I am now making a Book, for that would discompose my Mind too much. I rather chuse to fancy myself conversing with you, because what passes in Conversation is tolerable. Let us then proceed.

Women in those Days dress'd in their Hair. None could have finer Locks than mine; and even now, though my Years have diminished their Number, the Co-

lour of them is not at all altered, for they are still of the finest light Chesnut.

Mr. *De Climal* looked at them and handled them with Passion. But I took this as a meer Frolick. *Marianne*, said he sometimes, I don't think you very ill provided indeed ; for such fine Hair and such a handsome Face will never let you want any thing. They never will restore my Parents, answer'd I. 'Tis true, said he, but they will make every Body love you, and for my Part, I never shall refuse them any Thing. I make no Doubt of that, Sir, I replied ; I depend intirely on you and your tender Heart. Ah ! my dear Child, said he, do you talk of a Heart ? Would you then give me yours if I asked it ? Indeed you deserve it richly, replied I, with an unthinking Ingenuity.

The Words were scarce out of my Mouth, but I saw his Eyes sparkling, and so full of Fire, that they like a sudden Flash of Lightning forced me to open my Eyes. I immediately reflected, that it might be possible this Man might love me as a Mistress. For I had seen Lovers in the Country. I had heard them talk of Love, and even had read some Romances privately. All which, together with what Nature teaches us, had made me sensible at least, that a Lover is very different from a Friend. And from that Difference, which I had

framed to myself, Mr. *De Climal's* Glances began to appear very suspicious.

However, I did not take this sudden Suspicion for an unquestionable Certainty; but resolved not to be very long dubious of the Matter. In the mean time, I began to be a little more free and easy with him. My Conjectures freed me almost entirely of that Bashfulness he so often reproached in me. I thought that in case he were truly in Love with me, I had no more Occasion to be so ceremonious with him, and that it was He, not I, whose Mind ought to be perplexed. Nature itself taught me to argue thus. The Argument might perhaps be thought to proceed from much Cunning; whereas nothing can be imagined more simple. Nor do those that make it even know that they do so.

'Tis true, the Men against whom we Reason after this manner, have no great Returns to hope for from us. For it intimates, that in Point of Love we care but very little for them. And indeed Mr. *De Climal* was perfectly indifferent to me in this respect, and my Indifference for him was even such, that the least Provocation would have changed it into Hatred. Perhaps he might have been my first Inclination, had our Acquaintance began in another manner. But I never knew him but
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upon the footing of a very pious Gentleman whose Charity induced him to take Care of me. And I don't know any Way of becoming acquainted with People, less productive of what we call Love. He that has had that kind of Intercourse with one, cannot hope by any Means to raise a Woman's Affection. For the Mortification she has therein undergone, has effectually stopped all the Avenues of her Heart. The Heart as it were repines, even insensibly to itself, so long as you require no other Sentiments of it, but those which are of right yours. But if you expect from it another sort of Affection, the Case is quite altered; for then Self-love revives and knows you perfectly well. It is on that Occasion your irretrievable Enemy, with whom no Peace is to be hoped. And this was exactly my Disposition with regard to Mr. *De Climal*.

I really believe that if Men knew but how to oblige others, they might expect every thing from them. For can any thing be more agreeable to the Mind, than a true Sense of Gratitude, when our Self-love is not against it? Sure, that would be an inexhaustible Source of Tenderness. Whereas two great Virtues are necessary with Men; the one to hinder us from being filled with Indignation and even Disgust at their Favours towards us, and

the other to oblige us to be grateful for them.

Mr. *De Climal* had told me of a Suit of Clothes he intended to give me, and we went together, to buy it according to my Fancy. I believe I should have refused it, had I been fully convinced of his being in Love with me. For methinks I should then have the greatest Reluctance to the making any Advantage of his Weakness, especially because I did not share it with him; for in those Cases, when Love is mutual, we adjust all Matters; and fancy, that the highest Degreee of Delicacy consists on such Occasions in silencing our Scruples. But I was still uncertain of the inward Sentiments of this Man. And in Case they should be nothing but Friendship, I concluded, that it must needs be Friendship in the highest Degree, and consequently that I could do no less in return than shake off all manner of Pride towards him. Therefore I accepted of his Present at all Adventures.

The Clothes were bought. I chose them grave and handsome, and such as might have fitted a young Lady not over rich. Then Mr. *De Climal* talked of Linen; and I really wanted some. This was another Purchase we made at the same time. Mrs. *Du Tour* might very well have sold us that Linen, but he had good Reasons

sons for his not buying it of her. For he would needs give me some of the finest, and Mrs. *Du Tour* would certainly have thought it an Excess of Charity. And though she was a good plain Creature, which would never have examined the Case too closely, because she would have judged it was no Business of her's, he thought it much properer, not to trust her Plainness on this Occasion, and to go some where else.

I was forced at last to open my Eyes, for this fine Linen left me no room in the least to doubt of the Nature of his Sentiments. I even wondered how the Clothes, which were also very fine, had not shewn me plainly what his Motive was. For Charity is not gallant in her Liberalities, and even Friendship itself, though always so ready to afford Help, gives what is good and substantial, and never offers what is magnificent. The Virtues of Men never do more than their Duties, and therein chuse rather to be sparing than profuse. Vices alone know no Bounds. I whisper'd him in his Ear, that I would never accept of Linen so costly and magnificent. And I was very serious and earnest when I spoke it. But he laugh'd at me, and said; Hold your Tongue, Huzzy, you are a Child and a Fool; go to your Glass and see whether this Linen is too fine for your

Face; and then went on, without minding what I said.

I must own that this puzzled me extremely. For then I saw plainly he was in Love with me. That his Generosity had no other Motive than that he hoped thereby to gain my Affection, and that I gave him very great reason to hope for it, by accepting his Presents.

I then was advising with myself what to do. And at this time, now I think coolly of it, I really believe, that I consulted only to lose time. I made a thousand different Reflections, and so made Work for my self, that in the Disorder and Confusion of my Thoughts, I might be the less able to take my Resolutions, and that my Suspence might be more excusable. By which means I deferred my Rupture with Mr. *De Climal*, and consequently kept his fine Presents.

However, I was very much ashamed of his Designs. My dear Friend the Vicar's Sister came into my Mind again. What an immense Difference, said I to myself, is there between the Help she afforded me and that I now receive! How violent, how afflicting would it be to that dear Creature, if she was alive, to see me in this Condition! Methought this last Adventure was a barbarous, and even a sacrilegious Violation of the great Regard and
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Tenderness I ought to have kept for her Memory. Nay, methought her Heart was sighing bitterly within mine, and reproaching me for my excessive Weakness. The Sense of it I very severely felt, but to describe it would never have been in my Power.

On the other Hand: I had no Place to be in; and Mr. *De Climal* had procured me one. I had no Clothes; and he bought me some. Besides they were of the best Sort, and I had already tried them in my Fancy, and found that they fitted me to a Nicety. But I was resolved not to insist on that Head, because the great Pleasure it would have caused me, would at the same time have made me blush: And very likely I was glad to indulge that pleasing Idea, without being myself Accomplice. A wonderful Artifice indeed! to avoid the Guilt of a Fault we have a Mind to commit! And then I continued to argue thus with myself. Mr. *De Climal* has not yet made a Declaration of his Love, and perhaps will not venture to do it yet a great while. It is no Business of mine, to guess at the Motives of his Care for me. I have been introduced to him, as a pious charitable Man, and it is in that Quality he is so beneficial to me. If he does it with a bad Design, so much the worse for him. I am not obliged to dive into his Heart, and

I shall be the Accomplice of none of his Faults, so long as he shall not be plain with me. Therefore it will be time enough to refuse his Presents, when he speaks to me without Disguise.

This little Case of Conscience thus resolved, all my Scruples vanished, and I thought the Linen and Clothes were very lawfully mine.

I took them to Mrs. *Du Tour's*, and in our way Home, Mr. *De Climal* made now and then his Passion a little more evident than usual. He unmasked by degrees, and the Lover insensibly took Place of the Devotee. I could already see half of his Face: But I was resolved, not to seem to know him, before he would shew the whole, and to be perfectly blind till then. The fine Clothes were not yet secured, and I had perhaps lost them, by being scrupulous too soon. Persons harassed by such Passions, as that Mr. *De Climal* had for me, are naturally base, ungenerous and shameless, when absolutely disappointed. They don't much value the making an handsome and honourable Retreat: And he is a very odious and a despicable Lover, who is more for possessing the Person than the Inclinations of his Mistress. Not that the most delicate Lovers have no Desires; But at least the Sentiments of their Hearts go Hand in Hand with the Gratification of their Senses, and this Mix-
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ture constitutes a tender not a vicious Love, liable however to degenerate into it. For in Point of Love, there are every Day very gross Actions done, under the Notion of great Delicacy. But this is not the Point.

I then made as if I did not understand the fawning Expressions Mr. *De Climal* used in our Way to Mrs. *Du Tour's*. *Marianne*, said he, I am afraid I shall love you too much: But if the Thing should happen, what would you then do? All I could do, answered I, should be to become still more grateful, if so be, my Gratitude can possibly increase. Nevertheless, said he, my dear *Marianne*, I pretty much doubt what your Heart will do, when it is once informed of all the Tenderness I have for you. For you are very far from knowing how great it is. How! said I, you believe then that I am not sensible of your Friendship? Ah! said he, pray don't change my Expressions; I don't say my Friendship, I speak of my Tenderness. Why! said I, is it not the same Thing? No *Marianne*, replied he, looking at me with an Air that should immediately have shewn me that Difference; No, dear Child! it is not the same thing; and I should be overjoy'd to see you more pleas'd and more delighted with the one, than the other. At this Discourse I could not help casting down my Eyes, though I strove not to do it; but the

great Loss I was at quite over-powered me. You answer nothing, said he? Did you then comprehend me at last, added he, squeezing my Hand? It is, said I, because I am ashamed to find myself not able to answer all your Kindnesses.

By good Luck, our Conversation ended there, for we were just at Home. All he could do was to whisper these Words in my Ear. Go, you Huzzy, you dear Rogue! Go and make your Heart a little less hard and more apprehensive, I leave mine with you to help on the Work.

This Discourse was pretty plain, nor could a Man well speak more intelligibly. I made as if I took no Notice, that I might not be obliged to give him an Answer. But I was at last forced, whether I would or not, to mind a Kiss he gave my Ear, as he was speaking, and to break Silence, which I did thus. Pray, Sir, said I to him in an innocent manner, and as if I took his Kiss for a Jogg of his Head against mine, did not I hurt you? Just as I was saying these Words, I came out of the Coach, and I really think he was duped, by my little Artifice, for he answered me very naturally, No.

I took the Bundle, and went to lock it up in my Room, while Mr. *De Glimal* stood in Mrs. *Du Tour's* Shop. I was down again immediately. *Marianne*, said he to
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me in a grave Tone, order your Clothes to be gone about to Day: I shall see you again in three or four Days, when I would have you wear them. And then addressing himself to Mrs. *Du Tour*; I endeavoured, said he, to buy the Clothes suitable to a Number of very fine Shifts she shewed me, that were left to her by the Gentlewoman that is dead.

And you must know that Mr. *De Climal* had told me before-hand, that he should give the Thing that Turn to Mrs. *Du Tour*. I believe I have already hinted the Reason he had for so doing, though he had said nothing to me. But I guessed so. Besides, added he, speaking still to Mrs. *Du Tour*, I think it proper, that Mrs. *Marianne* be handsomely dressed, because I have a Prospect for her, that may possibly succeed. And all this he said in the manner of a worthy and reputable Man. For Mr. *De Climal*, alone with me, did not in the least resemble Mr. *De Climal* conversing with others. Really they were two very different Persons. And when I saw him with his devout Looks, I could not conceive how that grave and venerable Countenance could possibly become profane, and be so altered as it appeared to me. Blest Heaven! How many Talents have Men, to make them good for nothing!

He retired after he had talked about half
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a quarter of an Hour with Mrs. *Du Tour*. He no sooner was gone but this Person, to whom he had given my History, began to cry up his Piety and Good Nature. *Marianne*, said she, you had indeed extraordinary good Luck, when you got acquainted with him. For you see he takes as much Care of you as if you were his own Child. I very much doubt whether the Gentleman has his Fellow in the World, either for Goodness or Charity.

I did not much relish that last Word, which was a little too plain and downright for one whose Self-love was so tender as mine. But Mrs. *Du Tour* knew no better. Her Expressions were agreeable to her Understanding, which was in Proportion to her want of Art and Cunning. Nevertheless it made me look sour. However I held my Tongue, for we had no Witness of our Conversation save the grave and serious Mrs. *Toinon*, who was much readier to envy my fine Clothes, than to think me in any sort humbled by receiving them. Indeed Mrs. *Marianna*, said she to me with something of a jealous Air, sure you were wrapt in your Mother's Smock, you were born to such a good Fortune. Quite the contrary, said I, I am born to be very unfortunate; for, were things as they should be, I ought to be without Comparison much better than I am. *A propos*, said she;

she; is it true that you have neither Father nor Mother, nor any other Relation? That is comical. A Very comical indeed! said I in an angry Tone: I wonder Mrs. *Toinon*, you did not congratulate me upon it. Hold your Tongue, you Fool, said Mrs. *Du Tour*, who saw I was vexed; she is in the right to laugh at you. Should you not rather thank God, for having kept you your Parents? Was ever any Thing more stupid, than to tell People, that they were Foundlings. I had as live be called a Bastard.

Pray was not this a very comfortable Way of taking my Part? But then the Zeal of this good Body shocked me as much as the Impertinence of the other, so that I could not forbear crying. This moved Mrs. *Du Tour* much, who never suspected it was owing to her Silliness. Her Concern for me made me dread some new Reprimands from *Toinon*, and I forthwith begged her to let that Subject drop.

Toinon on her Part seeing me cry, was really quite disconcerted; for she was an harmless Creature also, and had no Intention to vex any Body. Only she was vain, because she thought it very becoming. But not having a new Suit of Clothes as well as I, she thought perhaps it was proper to make Amends for it, by saying something witty, and to raise her Wit as she use to do her Head.

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This gave Birth to the fine Compliment she made me, for which she very sincerely begged my Pardon. As I saw that these good harmless plain Creatures had no Notion at all of my Kind of Pride; that my Niceties were downright Hebrew to them, and that they did not suspect the least Part of the Trouble they had occasioned me; I was presently appeased by their good Words, and my Clothes were at last the only Thing minded. The eager Curiosity they had to see them, made me curious too, to hear what they thought of them. I then went up to fetch them without the least Grudge, not a little overjoyed at the Thoughts, that I should soon wear them. I took the Bundle, just as it was when I carried it up, and down I brought it. I opened it, and what should we see first, but the fine Linen, the Purchase we had taken so much Pains to conceal, and which had cost Mr. *de Climat* the contriving of a Story and me the consenting to it. How giddy are young Brains! I had forgot, that this nasty Linen was in the Bundel with the Clothes. Oh! oh! said Mrs. *Du Tour*, there is something new. Mr. *De Climat* told us that your deceased Friend had left you that, though he bought it for you. Fy, *Marianne*, that is very wrong done on you, not to have had it of me. Pray, are you more nice than our Dutchesse,

Dutcheſſes, who buy their Linen of us? And your Mr. *De Climal*, I think, is very comical. But I ſee very well what it is, ſaid ſhe, reaching at the Stuff of my Clothes, which was under the Linen, to ſee it; (For her Anger did not put a Stop to her Curioſity; And Curioſity, you know, is a Motion in Women which attends every Thing they have in their Head.) I ſee, I ſee what it is, ſaid ſhe, I eaſily gueſs the Reaſon why Mr. *De Climal* had a Mind to impoſe on me with Regard to that Linen; But—I am not ſo ſtupid as he might take me to be: Well, well——, I ſhall ſay no more, but—, Away, away with your fine Linen. Upon my Word 'tis a very clever Trick! Mr. *De Climal* is kind enough to bring me Mrs. *Marianne* as a *Boarder*; but what ſhe wants he goes to another Shop for. I am to have all the Trouble and other People all the Benefit; I aſſure you!——

During all this, *Toinon* handled my Scuff with the Tip of her Fingers, as if ſhe had been afraid of dirtying them. Good lack-a-day! ſaid ſhe, ſee what it is to be an Orphan! And this ſhe ſaid only to have a Part in the Scene: For the poor Soul, as honeſt and virtuous as ſhe was, would have been pleaſed down to the Ground, had any Man made her a Preſent of the ſame Kind. Let that alone, ſaid Mrs. *Du Tour* to her; I hope you are not jealous of ſuch a Job as this.

Hitherto

Hitherto I had been silent; for I was so confused, so vexed, and agitated by so many violent Passions at once, that I knew not how to begin. Besides, it was a very strange and new Situation to me, to see myself in such a Scuffle as this. I never had seen the like in my Life. At last, when my Confusion was a little over, Anger got the better. But it was such a true and undissembled Rage, that none could have been transported with the like, but one that was perfectly innocent of what this Woman hinted at.

Nor was it less true, that Mr. *De Climac* was in Love with me. But I knew very well, that my Intention was, never to make the least Advantage of it. And if I had accepted of his Presents knowing his Passion, I had done it at the Instigation of a little deceitful Argument, which my Wants and Vanity inspired me with, and which had not in the least altered the perfect Integrity of my Intentions. My Way of reasoning, no doubt, was wrong; but 'twas no Crime; therefore I did not deserve the outrageous Insinuations with which Mrs. *Du Tour* had aspersed me. But then I made such an Uproar that the whole House rung again with it. I first threw the Linnen and Clothes on the Ground, not for any Reason, but purely out of Passion and Fury. I talked then at Random
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and roared out. 'Tis impossible to tell you all I said in my Rage and Despair. Only I remember, that I owned with many Tears, that Mr. *De Climal* had bought the Linen, and bid me not to tell it, without giving me the Reason why. And that as for the rest, I thought my self very unfortunate to be with People so very ready to accuse me rashly; That I would leave the House immediately, and send for a Coach to carry away my Things: That I would go at all Adventures, and that it was much better for such a Girl as I was to die, than to live so much out of her own Sphere; and that I would leave them Mr. *De Climal's* Presents, which I did not care a Pin for, any more than I did for his Love, in Case he had any for me. In short, I was like a little Tyger. My Brains were quite turned. Besides, every Thing that could aggravate me, presented itself to my Imagination at the same Time. The Death of my dear good Friend: My being for ever deprived of her Tendernefs: The fatal Loss of my Parents: All the Mortifications I had already undergone: The dismal frightful Thought of being a Stranger to all the World, and of not having the least Hint of my Extraction: The Prospect of my Misery, which perhaps might have no other End but a still greater Disaster: (For my Beauty was then the only Thing that

that could procure me any Friends; And Lord! what a pitiful Refuge is the Vices of Mankind!) Pray, were not all these Things together enough to overturn such a young Brain as mine?

Mrs. *Du Tour* was frighten'd to see me in such a violent Transport; For she never thought I could be capable of it, and only expected to see me out of Countenance. Lord! *Marianne*, said she to me, when she could find Room to bring in a Word, any Body may be deceived; Pray, Child, moderate your Passion a little; I am sorry for what I have said: (For my excessive Rage did evidently justify me in her Opinion, it being too keen, to proceed from a guilty Conscience.) Come, come, Child, said she, be satisfied; But I did not give over for all she could say, and would by all means be gone.

At last, she pushed me into a little Parlour, where she lock'd herself up with me, and there I went on with such an Eagerness, that it exhausted my whole Strength. I was perfectly out of Breath, and could no longer express my excessive Grief, but by crying, which I did most desperately, and the good Mrs. *Du Tour* seeing this began also to cry very heartily.

Upon this, *Tainon* came in to tell us Dinner was ready, and as she was always of every Body's Opinion, she cried for Com-

Company ; and I, after this Flood of Tears, being moved at last by all their mild Words and Caresses, suffered my Passion to abate. I quickly cheared up, and all was forgot.

Perhaps the good Rate Mr. *De Climal* paid for my Board, contributed something to the tender Regret Mrs. *Du Tour* expressed of having vexed me : Just as she had been much more set against me for her not having sold the Linnen than for any Thing else : For during Dinner-Time having quite altered her Style, she told me herself, that if Mr. *De Climal* did really love me, as he seemed to do, I ought to make the best Advantage of it. (Lord ! I shall never forget her Words as long as I live) Hark ye, *Marianne*, said she, were I in your Place I know very well what I would do. For since you are dismal poor, and destitute of all Comfort, even of that of Parents, I would first of all take whatever Mr. *De Climal* should give me, and make as great an Advantage that Way as I could. Nor should I love him a bit the more for that ; I would be hang'd first : For Honour must go before any Thing else, and I am not the Woman that would say otherwise, as you saw very well. In a Word, do what you please you will always find that nothing is more commendable than to be virtuous, and I shall die
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in that Opinion. But that does not argue, that we are obliged to throw away what Good soever offers itself to us. Things in Life may be reconciled. For Instance, you and Mr. *De Climal*; Well, must you bid him be gone? No, sure. He loves you, 'tis true, but is that your Fault? All your Bigots do the same Thing. Let him love you, if he pleases, and let every one answer for himself. Why! He buys you Things? Well, take them, Child. Are they not paid for? If he gives you Money, don't be silly, but accept on't freely. For your Part is not to be stiff and proud. If he asks you to love him? Softly for that. You must play cunning with him. Tell him, that you don't love him; but that it is not impossible but in Time you might. To give one's Word, and to retract it, sometimes goes a great way. First you must get Time, to bring yourself to love him: And then, when you make as if you had begun, you will want Time to increase that Love: And when he shall think you ought to be intirely his, will not your Honour be a sufficient Excuse with him? Must not a Girl always put a Man off? Has she not a thousand good Reasons to plead? Can't she for Instance preach to him, and make him sensible of the Heinousness of his Intentions? During all which Time passes, and you receive Presents, without

without asking for them. And if a Man at last grows pert; Why then, let him go and be hanged. Cannot one be as angry as he, and turn him off? But nevertheless, what he has given is a Present. In Troth! Nothing is prettier than Gift: and if there were no Givers, People would keep all they have to themselves. Upon my Word, if any of your holy Folks had taken a Fancy to me, and should pretend to court me, I assure you he might make me Presents till Doom's Day, before I should bid him stop.

The ingenuous and warm Zeal with which Mrs. *Du Tour* uttered these fine Maxims, was still better than the Maxims themselves, which are indeed something remiss and indulgent; but which might also make very strange Girls of Honour, of such as would put her Instructions in Practice. The Doctrine of them is a little dangerous. I believe its Tendency is to lead us to the Brink of Lewdness; and I don't think it an easy Matter to remain virtuous and honest in such a Road.

As young as I was, I did not in the least approve of what she said. And really, though a Girl were perfectly sure of always keeping herself honest, the Practice of these unworthy Maxims would always be sufficient Matter of Shame and Dishonour to her. And has she not actually

really quitted all Honour, who gives the least Handle to a Man to hope, that she could possibly lose it? Nay, the vile Art of keeping a Man in such Hopes is in my Mind much more shameful, than a total abandoning of one's self to Vice could be. For of the most infamous Bargains that are made, the worst are those wherein Avarice is the Inducement to be false and deceitful. Pray, are you not of my Opinion?

For my Part, I was too true and sincere ever to think of using those vile little Tricks. I would neither do ill, nor seem capable of doing it. Double-dealing of all kinds was my Aversion. But above all I abhorred this, on Account of the very great Baseness of its Motive.

I shook my Head, therefore, at all the fine Speeches, by which Mrs. *Du Tour* endeavoured to change my Sentiments in this Matter, for her own Advantage as well as for mine. She would have been very glad, for her Part, if my Pension had lasted long, and if we had lived a little, and junketed upon Mr. *De Climal's* Money. For she gave me to understand this in jest; for the good Woman loved good eating, and was horribly covetous; whereas I was neither.

When we had dined, my Clothes and Linen were given to the Work-women, whom

whom Mrs. *Du Tour* charged to make Dispatch. No doubt but she hoped, that when I should once have seen my self well rigged and spruce; (for these were her Expressions,) perhaps I might be tempted to spin out my Adventure with Mr. *De Climal* a little longer, and to keep him a while at Bay. And I must own that in Point of Vanity, I already gave very great Hopes of being pretty much of a Woman. A Ribbon well chosen, and a genteel Suit of Clothes, whenever I met any, were sufficient to make me stop short. My Fancy glowed, at the Sight of them, and my Agitation of Heart would continue for an Hour after. I never ceased, imagining myself decked with all those Trifles, as I had done by the Clothes Mr. *De Climal* had bought me. In short my Fancy was always projecting something that way, till I could come at the Realities.

But however, as I was no longer doubtful of Mr. *De Climal*'s Love, I was fully resolved, in Case he should give me any hint of it, to tell him that it would be to no Purpose; Which done, I might take all his Presents without any Scruple. This was the whole Purport of my little Scheme.

Four Days after my Clothes and Linen were brought Home. It was on a Holiday, and they came just as I got out of

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Bed.

Bed. At the Sight of them, both *Toinon* and I became stupified and speechless; I for Joy, and she on Account of the great Disproportion that she apprehended was going to begin between her Appearance and mine. She would then willingly have exchanged her Parents for my Orphan Condition, might she but have been so well dressed. She gazed on my little Equipage with a Pair of stupid, staring, jealous Eyes. But her Envy had such a Mixture of Humiliation in it, and shewed her to be so very much mortified, that in the midst of my Transport I could not forbear pitying her. But her Grief could not be helped; And I, to spare her, tried my Clothes with as great Humility as I could, before a little impertinent looking-Glass, which would scarce give me a View of half my Person: But how smart and killing was the half I beheld in my own Eyes?

I then began to dress my Head as soon as ever I could, to enjoy all my Ornaments at once. My Heart went pit-a-pat, when I but thought how pretty I was going to be. Nay, that Thought even made my Hand tremble every Pin I stuck. I made as much Speed as I could; yet without being over hasty: For I was resolved every Thing should be done to Perfection: But I had soon finished; for the Perfection I then knew in Point of Dress was not very

extensive. 'Tis true I began with wonderfully good Dispositions ; but that was all.

But then you should have seen what a Work I have had in that Respect, since I knew more of the World. Men talk of their Sciences and Philosophy, and cry up their learned Stuff : But they are none of them to be compared to the important Skill of placing a Ribbon with Judgment, or of determining what Colour it should be of.

If one could but know what passes in a Coquet's Head, on such Occasions ; if we could but observe, how penetrating, how sharp and delicate her Soul is in the Judgments she makes, on the Fashions she tries, rejects, hesitates, and at last pitches on, when weary of her Uncertainty and Irresolution : (For it frequently happens that she is dissatisfied ; Her Performance always falling very short of what she intended ;) I say, if one could but know the vast Importance and endless Discussion of all those material Points ; It would be enough to frighten even the most able Capacities ; and *Aristotle* himself would be but a School-boy, compared to a Coquet. This I affirm, because I know it thoroughly. When in Matter of Dress you have once found out what is well, it is but a very indifferent Discovery : For you must find out what is better, in order to arrive at last at what is better still. And to at-

tain that superlative Degree, you must dive into the Souls of Men, that you may prefer what will please them most to what does only please them much. And is not this the chief and most extensive of all Sciences?

You see, I am a little jocular on our Arts of Coquetry. And why should I scruple to do it now to you, since the Time for exercising that Art is over for either of us? And for my Part, if any Body would laugh at having seen me formerly a Coquet; let him come to me, and he shall hear from me a thousand coquetish Tricks of mine perhaps, which he knows not yet, and then we shall see, who will have most Cause to laugh, he or I.

I have a roguish little Face of my own, which has cost me many an extravagant Trick. Tho' one could never imagine by its present melancholy Form, that it ever deserved to have had so much Trouble taken with it. But then I pity it, when I behold it: An Honour which I do it very seldom, and hardly ever on purpose. But what makes amends for it is, That I indulged my Vanity formerly, more than any Woman ever did. I had all the Ways of making my self agreeable at my Fingers Ends. I knew how to be several sorts of Women in the same Breath. When I wanted to put on a little pert Air, I had

a certain Gesture and Dress, wherewith I was sure of Success. The very next Day you might have seen me with a tender languishing Countenance; and on a third I assumed a modest, serious, and a careless Look. I was sure of fixing the most unsteady Man, and of deceiving his Constancy, by changing, or rather every day metamorphosing his Mistress, which with regard to him was as much as if he had had a new one.

But I am always wandering from my Subject. Pray forgive my Digressions. They divert and even help me sometimes to a little Breath. Besides, you know I am now conversing with you.

I was then soon dress'd, and really I so perfectly eclipsed poor *Toinon*, that I was ashamed of it. I appeared an Angel in Mrs. *Du Tour's* Eyes. But *Toinon* could not forbear finding Faults with my Clothes, and I approved of every Thing she said out of meer Charity. For had I given Vent to all my Joy, her Mortification would have been much greater, and therefore I concealed it. My Heart, you must know, always inclined me to have those little Regards for that of others.

I was impatient to shew my self, and to go to Church, to see how much I should be looked at. *Toinon*, who had her Sweetheart with her every Holiday went out before me, for fear I should follow her, and

lest in case we should go together he should look at me more than at her, on Account of my fine Clothes; For a new Suit is with some People very near on a Level with an handsome Face.

I then went out alone a little out of Countenance: Because I fancied there was one particular Look to be kept, and that my Beauty and Attire required me to be more than ordinary upon my Guard. I held up my Head with great Care; For that is the beginning of an uninstructed Vanity; and as much as I can remember, I think I resembled pretty much a young little lovely fresh coloured Girl just come from a Country Education, who cannot help being a little awkward: But whose Charms yet imprisoned seem to strive to get abroad.

Nor did I make the best of all the Charms of my Face. I had abandoned that to its own Conduct; (as you said very comically the other Day, speaking of another Woman.) Yet for all that I was much looked at by several that passed by. I was more delighted than surpris'd at this, for I was fully sensible it was no more than my Due. And to tell you the Truth, there were but very few Persons so compleat as mine. I pleas'd the Heart as much as the Eye, and Beauty was the least of my Advantages.

Now I am entring upon an Event which has been the original Cause of all my other Adven-

Adventures, and I shall begin the second Part of my Life with it. For it would doubtless tire you, if you was obliged to read it all in a Breath, and a little Pause will refresh us both.

The End of the first Part of the LIFE of
MARIANNE.



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THE first Part of the *Life of Marianne* has, it seems, been acceptable to many Persons, who among other Things have chiefly been delighted with the *Reflections* with which it is interspersed. Others again have thought the Number of these too great; and it is to such I address this short Preface.

If an Author should offer them a Book intitled *Reflections on Mankind*, would they not read it with Pleasure, if the *Reflections* were good? And, have we not Numbers of these Books, some of which are much valued? Why then should they be displeased with *Reflections* here, only because they are *Reflections*?

But, say they, they are not in their proper Place, when mixed with *Adventures* like these, in which the Business is to amuse not to set us on thinking.

My Answer is; If you look upon *Marianne's Life* as a Romance, you are certainly in the right. In that Case your Critick is just. There are then too many *Reflections* in it, and it has not the Form usually given to Romances, or Tales written only to amuse the Reader. But *Marianne* did not in the least intend to
write

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write a Romance. Her Friend asks her for the History of her Life, and she pens it in her own Manner. Marianne has no Scheme for making a Book. She is no Author, but only a thinking Woman, who has passed through a great Variety of Stations; who has seen much of the World; Whose Life in short is a Series of Events, which have given her a thorough Knowledge of the human Heart, and of Men's Characters. When she relates her Adventures, she fancies herself conversing with a Friend, to whom she speaks or answers in a familiar manner. And it is with that Disposition of Mind she without Distinction intersperses the Facts she relates, with the Reflections those Facts naturally raise in the Mind. This is what made Marianne write her Life in the Method she has done. Her Style, if you please, is neither that of a Romance nor that of an History. But it is properly hers, and you must not expect any other from her. You must imagine that she does not write but converse; and her Style and Way of Narration considered in that Light will perhaps appear at least tolerable.

However, it must be owned, that in the Course of her History, she reflects less, and relates more; but still she reflects. As she is now about to change her Station, her Recitals will consequently be more curious, and her Reflections more applicable to what passes in the Grand Monde.

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As for the rest, many Readers perhaps will not like the Quarrel between the Coachman and Mrs. Du Tour. There are People who think it beneath them to take the least Notice of what is in the common Opinion vile and ignoble. But those that are more of a Philosophic Turn, and less deceived by the Distinction which Pride has established here below; those People, I say, will be glad to see what Man is in the Character of a Coachman, and what Woman that of a petty Linen-Draper.

